

The
Chicago Theological Seminary
REGISTER



BROTHER JIM!

By RAYMOND ROBINS

THE WISDOM OF THE BODY

By RICHARD C. CABOT, M.D.

WHY NOT BURN THE BOOK?

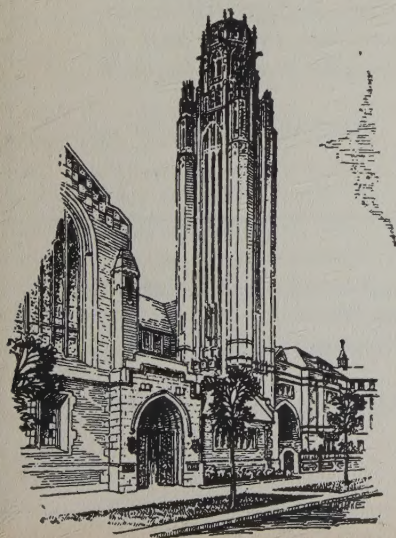
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FROM A SEMINARY
WINDOW

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Alumni Notes and Book Reviews and the

Hammond Library Extension
Service Bulletin



To Our Alumni

A letter from President Palmer

The cover of a recent number of the "Literary Digest" carries a striking and appealing picture. It is of a little boy standing looking up at the sky across which four squadrons of bombing planes are passing in military formation. Underneath is the caption: "Death from the Skies." Last Sunday, as the chimes of the carillon were ringing from the University Chapel tower here, an aeroplane roared down so near as almost to drown the music of the bells.

The picture and the incident vividly reveal some of the great issues which stand out with increasing clearness in modern life. Will the roar of machinery, often a machinery of destruction, overwhelm the music of idealism, art, and religion? Will the ruthlessness of military violence, or of economic exploitation, go their way unchallenged by any power able to restrain them? Is our world indifferent to what happens to the little boy standing there unprotected beneath the open sky? There seems to be no escape from a great increase in the functions and responsibilities of the state. If community life must inevitably become more complex and government must take on ever widening functions, who is going to see to it that these powers are used toward worthy ends? Where shall government find its standards, ideals, and values?

To us who serve in the Christian church all this brings added responsibility. Must not the church be the soul within the body of this more complex social order? What kind of soul will it be? Absorbed in its own survival and seeking good things for itself? Or laying great and deep foundations of respect for human personality and reverence for the everlasting principles of truth, right reason, fair play, and human brotherhood which God himself has built into the very nature of the universe?

To all its alumni far and near the Seminary would send this word of courage: these are great days for the church and for intelligent, patient, fearless, faith-filled Christian leadership. Let us put lesser concerns aside and seek to make the Christian ideal winsome and authoritative in the life of our respective communities in this critical era. The task of religion was never clearer, the work of the church never more needed than today.

ALBERT W. PALMER

THE CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY REGISTER

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The Chicago Theological Seminary REGISTER

FRED EASTMAN, *Editor*

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Brother Jim!

By RAYMOND ROBINS

[Our graduation exercises last June centered around the memorial services in honor of Dr. James Mullenbach, who passed from our midst on April 3. The following is the concluding part of Colonel Robins' Commencement address.—THE EDITOR]

THIS Seminary has sent forth men capable of great leadership. Unless its spirit falters and its vision fails, it shall continue to send forth such men. One of them became a great citizen of this Chicago. He was called into national service and leadership and given more burdens than any man past three score should have been called upon to bear. On the third day of this April he crossed the Great Divide. He was for many years my dearest friend. You know his name as James Mullenbach—better known to many who knew and loved him as "Brother Jim."

I knew him first at old Chicago Commons, where Graham Taylor was and is the spirit of the hive. From our first meeting we were friends. He was my pastor in the Tabernacle Congregational Church, as I was his superintendent in the Chicago Municipal Lodging House. We fought side by side in the regeneration of the old Seventeenth Ward that sent William E. Dever to the city council and kept him there for six consecutive terms. We both served on the Board of Education of the City of Chicago. We shared together the high quest of the progressive movement in

the political life of our country under the leadership of the great "T. R." We worked together in the service of the Group of Toil, where his leadership became so signal that he was called to Washington and there, helping to solve labor problems on a national scale, he was stricken down in the full tide of opportunity and power. But of these achievements of his serving life you have already heard. Your own Arthur Holt and Graham Taylor have spoken with depth of understanding and beauty of phrase of these high points in his career. I seek to emphasize tonight the spirit rather than the record of his work. I would, if it be possible for me, reveal to you the secret of his large achievement and the loving tenderness with which strong men speak his name now that he has passed into the final rest.

In his character this quality of *endurance* was deep and strong, this *will* to go forward no matter how rough the trail—a heritage possibly from his share in the blood of our great Teutonic kindred. This will to achieve held him steadily to his task—as the needle to the pole.

"Brother Jim" was a master of "team

play," deeply skilled in the art of social co-operation. Ever open-minded, capable of understanding others' point of view, he won the confidence and trust of all fair-minded folks, laborers or employers, friend or foe.

James Mullenbach was ever ready to pay the price for accurate knowledge. He had a scientific urge for the facts. He was willing to dig, to study, and to think. Patiently he sought all the facts, the "what did actually happen," in every special case, as distinct from the over-claims of employers or workers. This, Mullenbach ever sought, and finding, reached a judgment sound and true.

Underneath these outward characteristics of the personality of James Mullenbach were three dominating forces of his spirit—courage, faith, love.

He had a rare quality of courage, and in the last analysis our morals and our actions are only as valid as our courage. We had testing times together in the old Seventeenth Ward; in the defense of Abraham Isaacs from police brutalities that followed the assassination of President McKinley; and at other times and places during our fellowship of more than a generation. It was this quality of courage that won for Mullenbach some of his dearest friends. I have a letter here from the Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes, which with your permission I will now read:

April 29, 1935

DEAR RAYMOND:

You and I have lost a fine and inspiring friend in James Mullenbach. It was your privilege to know him longer and better than I but I knew him long enough and well enough to appreciate his rare qualities. He had the simplicity of the truly great man. He was sincere, straightforward and unaffectedly friendly. But to me his greatest quality was his bravery; a bravery that never failed; a bravery without truculence or bluster; a bravery that, linked with his high sense of social justice, would not permit him to refrain at any time during his life from keeping his

place in the ranks of those fighting to make this a juster and finer world in which to live.

The last months of his life were spent here in Washington on work that preeminently he was qualified to do—the difficult task of reconciling differences between employers and employees and making them both see that capital and labor in this American democracy are equally under obligation to work together in the common cause. As always, James Mullenbach refused to spare himself and in our eagerness to avail ourselves of his wise counsel and help, I gravely fear that, unwittingly, we over-taxed his strength. I recall his cheer and unaffected courage when he came in to tell me that he could no longer continue with his work here. He left my office with that friendly smile of his and I do not doubt that he passed from life with high courage.

It is not given to anyone to know, even during the course of a long lifetime, a finer human being or citizen than was James Mullenbach.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) HAROLD L. ICKES

Secretary of the Interior

Mullenbach lived in the power of an abiding and vital *faith!* Faith in God his father, faith in man his brother—faith in the "more abundant life" for all mankind. As when an eager-hearted lad looking out over Lake Superior to dim horizons, he felt his heart quicken with the aspirations of the dawn of manhood and the call to serve the growing good of the world, so he ever held an unfaltering faith in man's capacity for social justice, industrial freedom, democratic self-government, and a social order worthy of those men and women who have lived and loved and suffered for a better human life. Ever he lived in the spirit of those high words of Edwin Markham's:

For the rise of man is endless

Every goal is only a tavern for his marching soul

Only a camp in the night,

On man's eternal fight.

Finally, lighting all the pathway of his shining life was an abiding, faithful hearted, transforming *love*. Mullenbach lived the truth of those immortal words of the Apostle Paul: "Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they

shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." *Love never faileth!* This love he found in the redeeming power and friendship of the carpenter of Nazareth, the peasant Brother-Man of Galilee. Without ostentation or sentimentality James Mullenbach loved his fellow-men. No artificial barriers barred his understanding brotherhood. Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Mayflower Americans or those who came over in the last immigrant ship—men of every creed and race and tongue, were "brothers all" to James Mullenbach.

Now I would not have you think that Brother Jim was merely a kindly, well-intentioned soul. There was granite in the man and iron in his blood. James Mullenbach hated arrogance, brutality, cowardice, class pride, and the innumerable forms of man's inhumanity to man. I have known the hot flame of his fierce resentment to flash and burn against injustice, selfishness, and the crooked ways of men. But always in the midst of controversy when tempers flared and bitter words flowed, Mullenbach would fall back upon that Irish strain in his blood, that wit his mother gave him, and with that "touch of humor that makes the whole world kin," soften asperities and bring back good-will.

Young men, there are those who have spoken of the fact that James Mullenbach gave up his ministry in a local church, as if he had been called to a larger service. I would speak a word of caution here. When all his tale is told the deepest source of the power and work of James Mullenbach was his fellowship with Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord. Here he found the wellspring of his courage, of his faith, and of his love. When all is said and done, the local church has kept the message and the vision of the Master in the hearts and before the eyes of mankind for some nine-

teen hundred years. However wide man's service runs or great the honors that may be heaped upon him, the true pastor in a local church will always hold the key that unlocks the door to the Kingdom of God for most human hearts, and the redemptive power of the Son of Man for most human souls.

Now that he has passed into the Great Silence, may I bear this testimony. Out of all the years of my association with James Mullenbach, and our fellowship together, there has recurred more frequently in these last days than any other memory of his thought or deeds, the recollection of a sermon that he preached in the Tabernacle Church at Chicago Commons. The text that he used was "in the Kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." I heard Mullenbach preach many times. He was not a great preacher. But there was a depth of sincerity, a manifestation of faith and courage and love in his preaching that revealed himself a member of the fellowship of Jesus, living daily in "the Kingdom and the patience of Jesus Christ." If you would know the final secret of his power I commend to you his fidelity to the Great Galilean as the "open sesame" to all the paths of service and of honor that were trodden by his feet.

Young men, this is a great hour in the life of this nation and of the modern world. Economic issues dominate all the governments of the earth. The first economic issue in all lands is to work out some sort of parity between production and consumption. Can this be done under constitutional democracy and self-government? I do not know! I do know that it cannot be done by force and our institutions survive. Voluntary co-operation alone in a self-governing democracy can bring about this parity. What is the best hope for effective voluntary co-operation in the economic life of this Republic? I

answer without hesitancy: The religious heritage of our people—Protestant, Catholic, and Jew. The self-control and other serving purposes that lie in all vital expressions of religion—Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew—this is the hope of free America. James Mullenbach was a prophet of this co-operative economic salvation.

That question that comes down from Chaldean shepherds through forty centuries—"if a man dies, shall he live again?" James Mullenbach answered in the af-

firmative with deep conviction. Shall we join in his faith that:

There is no death
What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of a life Elysian
Whose portals we call—death.

Shall we with a great sense of his victorious and immortal life call out to James Mullenbach now in that magnificent infinite luminous with starry souls—"Hail! Brother Jim! *Brother Jim!!* BROTHER JIM!!!"

James Mullenbach

Labor leader, Teacher, Friend of Man

[*The Federation of Women High School Teachers prepared the following statement as their memorial to Dr. Mullenbach.*—THE EDITOR]

INSIDE the Municipal Lodging House on that cold night the huge bulk of a lumberjack towered a foot and more above 'Cap Jim' Mullenbach's head—and he was himself a man of mighty frame. The whiskey-soaked woodsman roared his cursing demands for a cot. It mattered little to him that the lodging house, equipped to care for only 120 men, was near bursting with its overload of more than 500 poor devils who sought its life-saving warmth.

"'Cap Jim,' with just the suggestion of a friendly smile, his arms hanging loosely but ready to act if necessary, his eyes quietly looking up into the inflamed eyes of the drunken giant, said not a word while the lumberjack threatened to smash him into a pulp unless he got what he wanted. At just the right second Mullenbach placed his hand on the man's shoulder. 'Will you come into the office, Jack?' The big fellow suddenly calmed. He followed the superintendent, and a few minutes later came out, sought a place

on the floor packed with men, and went to sleep.

"This was one of the many, many times that James Mullenbach seemed to exercise something akin to hypnotism over his rough charges.

"What was it in James Mullenbach that gave him the friendship, respect, and confidence of out-of-luckers, discouraged white-collar men, drug addicts, saloon-keepers, hobos, down-and-outers, as well as of clergymen, sociologists, union-labor leaders, big businessmen, public officials, and the President of the United States?"

This is a story Malcolm McDowell tells of James Mullenbach, and this is the question he asks. To answer the question one must know more of the life of this great and good man.

Early Life

"He hailed from the copper country of Michigan's northern peninsula," says Graham Taylor, his teacher and friend. "The son of a mother of Scotch-Irish

descent, and of a father of German heritage, James Mullenbach had been brought up in their little log cabin on the small clearing of their forty acres of forest land.

"In his tenth year, because of his father's sudden death, he began to face the problem of helping to support his widowed mother and younger sister, while working his way through school. This he did as his scant summer earnings allowed through digging potatoes and other seasonal, chance jobs. But in his fifteenth year he found his first 'regular job at a man's wages,' as a teamster's helper and machinist's assistant in the employ of a great mining company."

It was at this point that he, like many another boy, had to make his first great decision. There were others in the background who helped him make it—his mother, his minister, his high-school principal, and wise friends—but it was he who actually made it. The decision was to go on with his schooling.

"He was tempted to give this up, thinking it unmanly to continue at school when he could earn the family support. His mother's neighbor thought her extravagant in allowing her children the luxury of an education, but she knew that education meant freedom for further achievement. The high-school principal offered James janitor work at school, and he secured a like job at the church, both of which encouraged him to finish his course. With hope of similar work he followed a teacher to Fargo College, North Dakota, where he worked his way through the four-year curriculum." There he came to realize his need for still higher learning.

It was not higher learning for its own sake that he wanted, however. He had early come to see that if life was worth living at all, it was worth living greatly. He saw that selfishness made men mean, no matter how rich they became, and that usefulness made men big, no matter how

poor they remained. He determined therefore to be useful to God and his fellow-men—but to be thoroughly useful he needed to be thoroughly educated.

It was this motive which encouraged him to take the examination in the Hebrew language which awarded him a scholarship at the Chicago Theological Seminary. It was this motive which won for him, at the end of his three-year course there, a scholarship for foreign travel and study, which in turn gave him two more years of intellectual stimulus at the universities of Halle and Berlin. Foreign travel was added to his studies—and James Mullenbach returned to the United States with a well-stocked mind (which his schools had given him), a love for his fellow-man (which his religion had cherished in him), an unconquerable optimism (which he had had from his father), and (from his discerning Irish mother) a twinkle in his eye.

His Career

"Through Graham Taylor he was offered the opportunity in 1901 to be assistant minister of the Tabernacle Church at Chicago Commons. He accepted this task with buoyant eagerness. This meant," as Arthur E. Holt, another life-long friend points out, "that his life was to be planted deep in the social forces of the city. Here were people of foreign heritage, strangers in a strange land, on the lower rounds of the economic and educational ladder. In addition to the many difficulties life presents in all areas of a great city, here were rough, hard problems to be solved"—just the kind a strong man like Mullenbach loves to meet! To the house next door to the Chicago Commons building he took his bride to live.

"On the 'free floor' of the Commons he caught echoes of the class struggle, which startled him with its bitterness. He caught glimpses of conditions of destitution, un-

employment, and injustice, the like of which he had never imagined." Clearer and clearer he saw that God's call to him was to lift up and lend strength to the poor wretches in the slums of the city who had never had a decent chance in life. The man with every chance went to those without any.

Raymond Robins, another close friend of this man of many friends, presently persuaded Mullenbach to join him in superintending Chicago's Municipal Lodging House. It was due to the work of Robins and Mullenbach that the city learned better how to give care to its unemployed transients in time of depression, in marked contrast to their neglect of 1893, when they found no other place to sleep on than the floors of police stations and saloons, or the stone pavements of the city hall corridors.

"After five years of 'talking things over' with the 50,000 men of the lodging house and helping solve their problems for them, Mr. Mullenbach served the United Charities of Chicago for three years as assistant superintendent. This led to his being drafted to administer the funds for relief of the families of 256 miners who lost their lives in the Cherry Mine disaster of 1909. Drafted again to rescue the Oak Forest County Infirmary from political spoilsmen, as its temporary superintendent he helped set standards for the care of its inmates which became the ideal for that kind of work throughout Cook County." So Dr. Taylor speaks of his earlier career.

By this time his work had made him a public figure, and now he was elected to the Chicago Board of Education. His work on this board deserves a whole book to describe it. All kinds of forces focused there: there was constant pressure on the board to award dishonest contracts and likewise constant pressure from civic groups for better schools. In the midst of

all this, Mullenbach stood his ground, always willing to hear the other fellow's side of any matter but never forgetting that he was a public servant appointed to office to maintain and improve the schools of the city.

The Teacher

It is not surprising that such a friend of education should have become himself a teacher. During his later life he taught courses in the principles of social justice in the school he himself had attended, the Chicago Theological Seminary. Dr. Holt recalls how again and again he said, "If I have to give up everything else, I want to keep up my contact with the students." His teaching was such as made men want to be stronger men. "I have in my possession (says Dr. Holt) a photograph of Mr. Mullenbach surrounded by a group of students before his fireplace in his little cottage at Fulton, Wisconsin. The students had stopped off there as his guests. Far into the evening they would discuss social problems with him. He told them the history of social struggle in the great city. His stories were vivid portrayals of civic and industrial conflict, in much of which he himself had participated—stories of the political struggle from the days of the Haymarket Riots to the present time.

"There was one story which he could never finish. His emotions always became too strong before he could complete it. It was the story of Governor Altgeld's pardoning of those who had been unjustly convicted in the Haymarket Riots. To Mr. Mullenbach it was the tale of one of the most brilliant of the sons of Illinois taking a great political and professional career in his hands and laying it on the altar of social justice. One of my greatest regrets is that we did not have stenographic reports of those high scenes in Chicago's history as they were colored and

made vivid by the words and insights of one to whom they were a living inspiration."

The Just Adjuster

The story of Dr. Mullenbach's own career of twenty-one years as an industrial arbiter in the men's clothing industry proves that where wisdom, power, and sympathy are united in a single man, as they were in him, peace can be kept even among strong and ambitious men. At a dinner given in his honor as "impartial chairman" of the joint trade board which "had made a breach of the peace inconceivable," hundreds of men who had been strikers before Mullenbach's appointment sat down with employers who in days gone by had refused to confer with strikers. That fact itself indicated the influence of "the just adjuster."

Far beyond his office desk his influence spread. "I would speak of him," says Dr. Holt, "as a friend of all good causes. The Chicago Federation of Churches in its industrial committees always counted upon his support. The social workers used him on every hand. The League for Industrial Democracy sought to organize the unemployed of the city, and they counted on his aid. The City Club found him a constant resource in most of their social and political projects. If the teachers of the city wanted a liberal and friendly interpretation of their causes before the public, Mullenbach was called upon. He was a friend of Secretary Ickes, and when the President of the United States and his Secretary turned to their friends for men whom they could trust, they laid burden after burden upon the shoulders of Dr. Mullenbach. He was the first member of the original labor board appointed by the President. Subsequently appointed to the oil, steel, and textile labor boards, he justified the reputation of being the best-

known and most highly appreciated arbitrator of labor disputes in the administration."

The Man

"Dr. Mullenbach believed in the dignity of man—of every man. He believed that there was no problem which was not soluble if you approached it in the spirit of reason and inexhaustible good-will. He believed in justice for all. He hated all narrow racial exclusiveness. Religion and neighborliness were his life.

"Although he had keenness of insight into all the shams of society, he never gave one the impression that he was hypercritical. He may have been critical—but friendliness always took the sting out of his criticism. He was generous to both friend and foe. He was surrounded by many people whose ideas were less mature than his, less worthy of respect, but he never overpowered or discouraged them with a sense of his own superiority. Here was a life gloriously dedicated to unstinted public service."

Douglas Horton, the minister of the church he attended, describes the scene at his funeral service as one of the most moving he ever witnessed. "To stand and watch the people as they filed out was to understand something of the magnificent reach of this man's friendships. All sorts and conditions of men had united to pay tribute to him. Here came the distinguished head of a national industry, who had known him well, here followed a powerfully built leader of labor who had also known him, and tears were standing in the eyes of each; now came a bent old woman who might have been the widow of some ne'er-do-well he had befriended, now a group of men who looked like foremen; then two school teachers, then one who represented the federal government, then some university professors and their

wives, then students; and hundreds more. There were grim faces, wistful faces, young faces, old faces, faces from the northern nations, southern and Semitic

faces, faces seamed with care, faces given to command—but all of them stricken faces. It was the city of Chicago mourning for one who had given it his life.”

The Wisdom of the Body

By RICHARD C. CABOT, M.D.

[We are happy to present here one of the most significant sections of Dr. Cabot's Alden-Tuthill Lectures of last winter on "The Minister, the Doctor, and the Patient." Other extracts from this series appeared in the March issue of the REGISTER. The complete text of the lectures will be printed along with other material in a forthcoming book by Dr. Cabot. The title and publisher, when available, will be announced in these columns.—THE EDITOR]

I AM going to speak about what seems to me one of the most important matters in the minister's relation to the sick; that is an increased consciousness of the love of God in a particular matter which I venture to predict hasn't occurred to most of you. I mean in the purposive and defensive workings of the human body—or what I call “the wisdom of the human body.” Not the human mind (I am not much impressed by the average wisdom of that), but the human body.

When I went into medicine it was in the hope of being of use, because medicine seemed to be the field where a man could be of most use to human beings. I had no idea then of the thing I am calling tonight the wisdom of the body, and no interest in disease except as a thing to be banished. I want, if I can, to make you interested in disease in a very different sense; I shall speak of the wisdom of the body in four particular fields—the wisdom of reserve, the wisdom of balance, the wisdom of compensation, and the wisdom of defense. In all of these respects I find the human body showing a degree of intelligence far beyond that yet known to medicine or to any human wisdom. I will give a number of examples under each of these headings.

The Wisdom of Reserve

I mean such a reserve as is kept in the bank. Factors of reserve, or factors of safety, as physicians call them, in the human body, are strikingly illustrated in the case of the human intestine. You have 22 feet of intestine inside you. When you realize this fact you wonder why the Lord endowed you with so much of it. The answer is that it is a factor of safety and of reserve. Some day something may happen to you and a skilful surgeon may have to take out five or six feet of your intestine. You will be all the better for it. We probably don't need more than half as much as we have; the rest is given us for good measure in case of accident.

The same thing is true of lung tissue. We have a great deal more lung tissue than we need, and perhaps half the examinations of bodies after death reveal quite a bit of lung tissue that has been destroyed by tuberculosis; and yet there is plenty left to get along with perfectly well.

The human liver is about twice as big as it needs to be. As has often been proved by experiment or disease, you can take away half the liver and what is left is still big enough to carry on. There is an extraordinary reserve of food (sugar and fat)

in the liver, which, when there is no food coming into the body, becomes very useful to us. Man in starvation lives on his liver to a considerable extent.

Take the veins—we have a great many more than we need. In a major operation there may be 25 or 30 of them cut, tied, or destroyed, but that makes no difference—there are plenty left, as an extra reserve to carry on circulation.

So much for the wisdom of the body in the function of reserve.

The Wisdom of Balance

A static condition without much change is the essence of health. An obvious example of this is bodily temperature. You know, of course, that when you are sick the physician puts a clinical thermometer in your mouth, and thus takes your temperature. If you are well your temperature is very close to 98.6°. But we don't always stop to think, and perhaps have never heard, that when the thermometer outdoors registers 10° below zero, the bodily temperature is still 98.6°. We don't perhaps realize that when men work in a very hot place, as stokers used to have to do on liners in a temperature of 140° or 150°, their temperatures still remain at 98.6°, possibly 99° or 99.5°. That's a very extraordinary piece of wisdom. Life requires a considerable degree of temperature stability. In laboratories where we study bacteria, and so must try to keep them alive, we use for our experiments a thermostat, which is supposed to keep the temperature stable; if the temperature rises say to 103° the bacteria will all die. But no thermostat so far has ever been made which will keep its temperature stable if the temperature in the room around it varies from 10° below zero to 150° above. The thermostat keeps stable only when variations in room temperature are comparatively slight. The human body in this respect has a great deal more

wisdom than the human mind has yet been able to conceive.

Another balance still more delicate, still more essential to life, is the balance between acidity and alkalinity. The body tissues are normally almost neutral, though slightly on the alkaline side. Every time you take a walk the body becomes too acid, then the body manufactures more alkali to neutralize it. Every time you eat a large meal with vegetables, you produce too much alkalinity, and the body manufactures acid to counteract this condition. Who tells the body to do these things? One thing we know: *We* don't. The body in this respect is like a very extraordinary kind of bank. Imagine a bank with an ordinary paying teller's window and receiving teller's window. Imagine very large sums of money at irregular times passed in or out of each window, and then imagine that at every moment the bank balance remains exactly the same. That would be a very extraordinary kind of bank, wouldn't it? Well, that is the sort of bank every human body is. A physical chemist told me that this balance is so delicate that if you tried to represent it by the swing of a column of fluid in a tube—that tube a gigantic thermometer 32 feet long—the column would have to remain within the swing of less than 1 inch if health were to be maintained and death prevented.

I won't try to go on to the other type of balance, although it could be illustrated by proteins, fats, etc. These, too, are kept at balance, though we keep on taking out or putting in substances of this type.

The Wisdom of Compensation

Most of us who have heard of this term at all have probably heard of it in relation to valvular heart disease, but there is a simpler form still which I will speak of first. In the disease known as infantile paralysis, wherein the sufferer loses use of

his legs, the arm muscles may be enlarged so as to compensate. I knew a boy, deprived of the use of his legs, who had compensated for it by learning to walk on his hands. I saw him come down an aisle similar to this one, walk up some steps onto the platform, and walk down again and out all on his hands, with his legs folded up over his head. The muscles of his arms were enormous; doctors call it "compensatory hypertrophy."

What happens in valvular heart disease? The heart has valves like doors which open and close with each beat of the heart. The second commonest form of heart trouble is due to rheumatism in children or young people; this produces inflammation of the heart valves which, when healed, leaves a scar. This stiffens and shrivels up the valve so that it will neither open nor close properly. Now if it were not for compensation everybody who gets this disease would die at once; but the fact is that most people with it live on to a good old age. My colleague, Dr. James M. Mumford of Boston, got this form of heart disease when he was seventeen years old. He continued his medical work and died at the age of fifty-four of another disease. All those years his heart did its work perfectly well. The opening of the diseased valve in his heart should have been about an inch across. I saw his heart after his death and the valve would just admit the blades of a pair of scissors. Yet through compensation, by thickening its walls and so increasing its muscular power, his heart had carried on perfectly for nearly forty years.

Even more than that, I think it astonishes me to see what happens in compensation in the kidney. With automobile accidents so disgracefully common, many people run over by automobiles have one of their kidneys crushed against the twelfth rib, and so injured. The surgeon

who operates to save life often finds the kidney so much injured that he is compelled to take it out altogether. He knows by criminal experiment and by experience with human beings that the remaining kidney will start to grow almost immediately and within a few weeks will be twice as large as its normal size, taking up all the tissue and function of two kidneys into one. Who told that kidney to grow and make it possible to save the patient's life? Certainly not human wisdom. I can't possibly bring the miracle of this growth before you because you do not know the fine structure of the kidney. It is more complicated than the intricate mechanism of your automobile. For the kidney is not merely an organ of excretion. It is also a chemical laboratory in which new synthetic chemical combinations are formed when needed. If you take certain poisons into your body you would die if it weren't that the kidney immediately produces a synthetic antidote.

A third example of compensation is this: A human who is used to living at sea level sometimes goes up to a high altitude and lives there. The body requires a certain amount of oxygen which, when breathed in, is taken up by the red corpuscles of the blood and carried throughout the body. At 10,000 feet there is a great deal less oxygen in the air. But the body must have just as much as before, and have it swiftly distributed to every part of the body. How is this possible? By an increase in the amount of red corpuscles. Normally they number about five million per cubic millimeter of blood, that is five million to every drop the size of a large pin's head. As altitude increases, so do the red corpuscles increase, going up to six million, seven million, sometimes to nine million. Where do they all come from? They come out of the red corpuscle factory which is in the bone marrow.

This factory works overtime, and turns out this enormous number of red corpuscles because they are needed. What does the human being know about this process? Nothing. When he returns to sea level the corpuscles return to their normal number.

The Wisdom of Defense

This is a manifestation of the wisdom of the human body before which I bow my head. The simplest kind of defense carried out by the body is the function of rejection, or throwing out. Most people who take poison into the stomach would die if it weren't at once thrown out by vomiting or by the bowels.

The next commonest type of defense is the function of rest. If you sprain your wrist or your ankle three symptoms present themselves. The part becomes stiff, becomes sore, becomes swollen, and you bewail your unfortunate fate that this member should have become so affected. It is nature's way of putting on a splint. You need to keep that part quiet. Well, if it is stiff it is much more likely to stay quiet. And if it is very sore every time that you move it, it is still more likely to stay quiet. The swelling is due to extra fluids with healing chemicals in them that come to the aid of the injured part. This is the first example of the fact that what we regret and repine as disease is really defense. Symptoms like stiffness, swelling, pain, and soreness are manifestations of nature's wisdom in defending us. There may or may not be a doctor at hand to put on the splint, but nature puts one on anyway. She also checks our exuberance on other occasions. You read sometimes about four-mile boat races at the end of which a member of the crew faints at his oar. Perhaps you say, "How terrible that is; that must be very bad for his health." Not at all; you will find him as good as new the next day. What does the fainting

mean? Nature says, "Charlie, you've done enough; it's time to stop, time to take it easy." And she takes no chances on it; she just puts him out. That is a defensive function of the wisdom of the body in telling a man who doesn't know enough to stop that he *must* stop.

The killing of bacteria through the wisdom of the body is accomplished in two ways—by live defenders fighting on our side and by chemical fluids. The live defenders are the white corpuscles ordinarily called leucocytes. The white corpuscles number about seven thousand for every pin's head size drop of blood; they are unlike anything else in the body. The other body cells are ordinarily like bricks in a brick wall, packed close together or like shingles on a roof. But these white cells are not like that at all; they are very much alive and go after our enemies in a very extraordinary way. This can be very clearly observed under a microscope in a drop of blood containing the parasites of malaria. Leucocytes go after them, from one side of the slide to another, and seize and devour them.

The same thing happens on countless other occasions. Ordinarily the leucocytes protect you from the bacteria that are always getting into your body. If they got into the blood stream, blood poisoning would result. But the white corpuscles come from every part of the body to that particular spot. How they know enough to get there the Lord only knows; but I am perfectly certain that he does know. At the point of infection there is a battle between the bacteria and the white corpuscles. Some of the leucocytes are killed off by the bacteria and these dead bodies build a wall between your circulation and the attacking bacteria. They lay down their lives for your life. Every time you see pus or festering that's a sign that a number of these defenders have laid down their lives for you. Take appendicitis, for

instance; in acute forms of this disease one ordinarily has to have an operation. Nature begins her work immediately and builds a wall of leucocytes round the appendix. That might be enough, but the doctor can take no chances. He has to operate. Before he arrives on the scene, however, millions and millions of these little white corpuscles have built up a wall between the delicate peritoneum cavity and the bacteria in the appendix.

One more example of defense: the formation of antitoxin. You know it as something given the patient from outside the body, injected as a serum. But this is only an extra reinforcement to the antitoxin which the body itself forms. Diphtheria antitoxin sufficient to cure diphtheria is formed in the body in most of the cases, but the doctor must be sure, so he injects *extra* antitoxin. This comes from the horse, which has been prepared by a slow immunization process, step by step, till you can introduce a quart of diphtheria toxin into his blood and he won't notice it. His blood serum is what we give to the child.

Four Fatal Diseases—Yet Perfect Health

I will sum this up by speaking of one particular case which is still very vivid in my memory because it made upon me one of the greatest impressions of my lifetime. This concerned a gentleman whose name, unfortunately, I forget; but I remember his nationality, so we'll call him Patrick O'Flaherty. When he was over sixty years of age he was standing on a street-corner; rather absent-mindedly he stepped off and was struck by an automobile. He was brought at once to the Massachusetts General Hospital. We couldn't save his life and he died in a very short time. His wife came very soon afterward and we questioned her. She said he was sixty-five years old and she had known him since he was five years of age. She said and reiter-

ated in the most positive way, "He has never been sick in his life."

We did an autopsy and we found in him four fatal diseases, all compensated for in such a way that he never had a symptom in his life. His wife could say in all sincerity "he was never ill in his life." (1) He had consumption—tuberculosis of the lungs. When the knife cut into the lungs it broke on the edge of stone, a bit of lime salts, which were deposited around the tubercle bacilli, and completely walled off the lungs from the deadly bacteria, so that they became completely harmless. (2) We found Bright's Disease of the kidneys, but the compensatory hypertrophy had been such that there was still enough sound tissue to carry on the kidney function so he never knew of the disease. (3) He was a bartender, and unlike a good many bartenders, he drank too much and got the commonest result of that habit—cirrhosis of the liver. He wouldn't have lived a day if it hadn't been that a new set of blood vessels were formed which carried the blood over and around the liver and back to his heart, instead of through the liver. (4) He had hardening of the arteries, with high blood pressure, and as compensation for it a much enlarged heart.

Four fatal diseases and yet perfect health! I put it to you that that's a miracle. What are we to say of all this? Doctors have a perfectly respectable phrase for it; they call this the *vis medicatrix naturae* or "force of healing in nature." That is all right, except that I would change the last word. I should call it the *vis medicatrix Dei*, "the healing power of God." You know that Matthew Arnold, that very obscure writer on religion, defined God as the "power not of ourselves that makes for righteousness." I don't think much of the definition, but it's at least suggestive. What I see here is the power not ourselves—a wisdom vastly

greater than ourselves—that makes for health. I do not call it the healing power of nature, but the healing power of God.

We are accustomed nowadays to look somewhat wistfully upon what we call the “indifference of nature” to our feelings and emotions. If we come into the presence of nature, when we have just suffered a loss in our own family and are overwhelmed with grief, nature doesn’t seem to care, and we perhaps resent it. But when we think of nature as one of the works of God going its own way without special reference to us, it seems perfectly natural that it shouldn’t be attending particularly to our moods. The clouds and the waters weren’t created to minister to our wants, or the trees to be used for our newspapers and our hearth fires.

But there is one portion of nature which we don’t often think of as nature; I mean our bodies. That portion of nature is extraordinarily attentive to our needs—to the needs of our souls—and provides the necessary basis by which those souls can grow and live. There’s an old story which, with some expurgations,

I will venture to repeat. A man was fighting with a bear; he had never prayed before in his life, but this time he asked the Lord not to favor the bear, and then He would see an awfully good fight! In other words he prayed for neutrality. Now what I have been trying to point out is that in that portion of nature most concerning us—namely, our bodies—God is not neutral but strongly biased on our side. Unless we are foolish enough to think that the process of evolution has built up our bodies through pure chance, we must recognize in that purpose the hand of God, one of the most important evidences of the goodness of God. When we physicians or you as ministers are in contact with the sick we ought to lean right back on this extraordinary power fighting on our side and which has given us most of the health we have. We must do our part, too. Doctors are essential, but God does far more. We thank God for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life. I have been describing to you tonight how God *preserves our lives*.

Why Not Burn the Book?

A Chapel Talk

By CARL S. PATTON

[Dr. Patton was back on the campus teaching homiletics again last summer after too long an absence moderating the General Council, building a great church in Los Angeles, and lecturing at the Pacific School of Religion.—THE EDITOR]

THE character of the prophet Jeremiah has been strangely misunderstood. He is called the “weeping prophet.” In Sargent’s Frieze of the Prophets on the Boston Library you may see him, with his head down and his hood pulled over it, apparently crying like a school girl. He

wasn’t that kind of man at all. But how he got that reputation is simple enough. Up till recently it was supposed that he wrote the book of Lamentations. And this book, being shorter and easier to read than the prophecies, people knew better, and judged the character of Jeremiah by it. It is now known that he did not write

it. But his reputation has not yet recovered from the misunderstanding. It is much as if the marches of Souza had been attributed to Beethoven. And the marches being shorter and easier than the symphonies, and so people being much more familiar with them, Beethoven had got the reputation of being a composer of smart tunes.

Whoever will look almost anywhere in the book that Jeremiah did write will see that instead of a weeper and a leaner he was an upstanding, independent man, very sure of himself, and very insistent upon his own opinions. At least one good illustration of all this is the story in the thirty-sixth chapter of Jeremiah.

Jeremiah began his public career under King Josiah in 638 B.C. He was associated with the king in his famous clean-up of the idolatries and other abominations of his kingdom. After a reign of thirty years, in 608, Josiah was killed in a battle with Pharaoh Necho, and Judah became subject to Egypt. Then Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, conquered Egypt, and Judah became vassal to Babylon. Jehoia-kim, a weak son of Josiah, had been put onto the throne by Pharaoh, and Nebuchadnezzar allowed him to stay there. There was an ultra-patriotic party always egging Jehoia-kim on to rebel against Babylon. Jeremiah told the king not to do it; said it would be the end of him and his people. They arrested him, and after he had been in jail a while the king sent for him and asked him his opinion; same as before. They put him in an empty cistern, with mud in the bottom of it. They pulled him up again and asked him; same answer as before. The king and the nobles accused Jeremiah of treason. Jeremiah accused them of not listening to the word of God. So the quarrel ran on for years, between the king and the nobles on one side, and Jeremiah, apparently pretty nearly alone, on the other.

It was in these circumstances that Jeremiah said to Baruch the scribe, "Let us write down in a roll the things that I have been saying." And he dictated, and Baruch wrote. Then came a big fast-day, and the people were gathered in the temple. "Now," said Jeremiah to Baruch, "I can't go to the temple (the reason does not appear, but it was undoubtedly a good one, for Jeremiah was accustomed to appear when it was time for him); I can't go to the temple, but you take this book that you and I have written and go and read it there."

So Baruch went, and got up into a second story window overlooking the crowd, and read to them out of the book. A man named Michaiah, on the lookout for treason, listened for a while, and then went straight to the palace with news of what was happening. He found there a group of authorities, but not the king himself. He told them what he had heard. They sent for Baruch to read the book to them. He came and read it. They said, "We must tell the king." Now Jeremiah's standing with the authorities was much like that of Tolstoi for so many years in Russia; he was a thorn in their flesh, but they tolerated and even protected him because he was the great man of the country. They were afraid of him and his influence, but they didn't want him killed. So they said to Baruch, "You take Jeremiah and get out of the way, both of you; hide where you will be safe, but give us the book." So Jeremiah and Baruch made themselves scarce. The others put the book where it would be safe, and went and told the king. The king said, "Have Jehudi bring the book here, and read it to me." So Jehudi got it, and began to read. They sat in the king's winter apartments. It was cold, and there was a fire burning on the hearth. Jehudi would read a few pages, and then the king would take his penknife and slash them off and throw

them into the fire. Some of his ministers protested. But he wouldn't stop. Into the fire the whole thing went. Up in smoke, the precious book of the prophet. Whether the king thought that if he could destroy the words the things the words said would no longer be true, or whether he didn't think at all, but was just mad, we don't know. Anyhow he said, "Get hold of Baruch and Jeremiah, and bring them to me." But they couldn't find them. The historian says that the Lord had hidden them. But I suspect that Baruch and Jeremiah co-operated strongly with the Lord in the process.

Naturally Jeremiah learned what had happened. And when the affair had blown over a little, he said to Baruch, "Get another roll, and we'll write it again." But before they began he said, "You can tell King Jehoiachim this for me: 'You have burned my book, in which I told you what the king of Babylon would do to you if you rebelled. And now I tell you that no son of yours shall occupy your throne; and as for you, your dead body shall be flung out to the day's heat and the night's frost. God will punish you, and your children, and your ministers. Thus saith the Lord.'" Then he and Baruch sat down, and what they wrote this time was a plenty; for Jeremiah dictated to him all that had been in the book the king had burned. And then for good measure, and for the relief of his own soul, Jeremiah dictated a lot more of the same kind, and Baruch wrote it down. Whether the king ever saw the second edition, or what he did with it we do not know. If he ever saw it he probably had too many other troubles by that time to bother with it.

The most obvious observation upon this incident, so obvious that I do not dwell long on it—I just mention it—is that there are two ways of attempting to answer any idea. The one way is by another and a better idea. The other way is

by burning the book or otherwise trying to get rid of the idea by force. The trouble with the latter way is it seems only to drive the idea deeper into the mind of the man who holds it. When Galileo had kissed the Bible and made his recantation of the movement of the earth, and was rising from his knees, it is said that those who stood nearest to him heard him mutter, "But it does move, just the same." Generally, as with Jeremiah, the temporary obstacle only sends the idea off by some other route. The prophets were not originally writers. They were only talkers. Samuel was a great prophet. For thirty years he made and unmade kings, and was the power behind their throne. But he never wrote anything. When they drove Amos out of the shrine at Bethel somebody wrote down what he had said. It is doubtful whether we should ever have had the book of Jeremiah if Jeremiah himself had been allowed to talk as much as he wanted to. At least he wouldn't have written a bigger and stronger book if his first one had been allowed to stand. I don't object to such methods because they are morally wrong. I don't know as they are. But they don't work. When you burn a book, the ashes of it seem to settle down on the community, carrying its ideas in them. To send the minister to jail for contempt of court generally ends in that many more people having contempt for it. The best answer to words is better and truer words. When the man of conviction and the person of mere authority stand face to face—Ghandi before the British government; Mary Queen of Scots trying her blandishments upon John Knox; Felix trembling before Paul; Pilate before Christ—the scene repeats itself many times in human history—one sympathizes with the authorities, who often, if not always, do the best they know. But it is then that the authorities need the special grace of God to keep them from

playing a ridiculous or a pitiable part, and merely spreading the heresy they wish to quench. The instance of Jehoiachim and the roll is one of the earliest known cases of the freedom of the press. It ended in a second revised and enlarged edition—and as it usually ends.

In the second place, this incident in the life of Jeremiah shows, better than any number of learned treatises upon prophecy, what sort of man a Hebrew prophet was, and what he was after. There has persisted down to our day the idea that the main business of the prophet was to foretell the future. He is supposed to have been gifted with a divine clairvoyance, and to have been chiefly interested in predicting the coming of Christ, or the end of the world, or how long the Jews would remain in captivity. Such things, some of them hundreds of years in the future, are supposed to have been revealed to him in some miraculous way not open to ordinary men. This is one of those myths which have such a persistent life. The prophet was a man of affairs, a politician, and above all a preacher—with apologies to him, of course. He was a man who observed things, and stopped to think about them, who thought things out and had convictions about them, and then who spoke his mind and made men listen, and fought the fight for his own convictions as all brave and honest men do. He was interested in the future only as every good man is, and he knew about the future only what his natural insight, his knowledge of the present, his hard common sense, and his religious feeling told him. His great themes were politics, religion, and social conditions—all things of the immediate present. We are so curious about the future and so ignorant of it that it has seemed to us to glorify the prophets, to picture them as knowing all about it. But they didn't. They had the same way of knowing what is going to happen as

all of us have. Instead of dreaming idly about the future they did their best to straighten out their own times.

In the third place, a little stubbornness, and even a little stuffiness, is now and then a great help. Amiability is not the only virtue. In his *Human Nature and the Social Order* Professor Cooley says:

I have in mind a man who is remarkable for an aggressive, tenacious and successful pursuit of the right. He does the things that everyone else agrees ought to be done but does not do, specially things involving personal antagonism. While other people deplore the corruption of politics, but have no stomach to amend it, he beards the corrupt official in his ward or exposes him in the courts or the public press—(all at much cost to himself and without prospect of honor or any other recompense). If one considers how he differs from other conscientious people of equal ability and opportunity, it appears to be largely in having more bile in him. He has a natural fund of animosity, and instead of spending it blindly and harmfully, he directs it upon that which is hateful to the general good, thus gratifying his native turn for resentment in a moral and fruitful way. If there were more men of this sort it would be of benefit to the moral condition of the country.

Jeremiah might have kept still at any time for forty years. When the king burned his book, he might have said, "I've told him once. If he hasn't sense enough to listen, let him go." But he had this "native fund of resentment" that Professor Cooley speaks of. When he heard that the king had burned his book, he said, "I'll write it again; and I'll make it stronger and worse." When a stubborn man is wrong to start with, when it is a mere matter of prejudice or sentiment with him, when he feels he has to stand by what he has said, even if upon second thought he is in doubt about it, that kind of stubbornness doesn't help much. I wouldn't want to urge any one of you to assume the rôle of the prophet just because you have more bile in you than most folks. By itself it is not enough. But without it, no matter how right you are, you will never go far. When William

Lloyd Garrison said, "I will be as hard as truth and as uncompromising as justice, I will not equivocate; I will not keep silent, and I will be heard," he spoke like a prophet, which he was. A conviction is no good unless you can stand by it.

Finally, when the fire burns in your own soul, when you have a conviction you cannot rid yourself of, when you feel it deep and ineradicable within you, that is inspiration. It was the inspiration of the prophets. It is the inspiration of all the seers and the creators. Like all the prophets, Jeremiah was always saying, "Thus saith the Lord." How did he know what the Lord said? He knew it because he was sure of the character of Jehovah. He knew it because he banked on certain moral principles—the triumph of justice, the certainty of retribution, the conquering power of the truth. He knew it was the word of Jehovah because it was something that he couldn't doubt himself and that neither threats nor arguments could get out of him. Perhaps he could not have explained *how* he knew it. Just as Shakespeare could not have explained how he wrote his dramas, or Praxiteles how he made his statues, or Handel how he wrote his oratorios, but each one of them wrought as he saw the vision or heard the

music in his own soul; so it is with the word of God in the heart of a man. You are called to some great self-sacrifice; or perplexed as to some painful duty. You make your arguments, and they seem to balance. You sleep on it and pray over it. Finally, there comes to you, whether as the result of your own thoughts or rising from deep down in you (you know not whence or how), the conviction that this is the thing to say or to do. It is a "Thus saith the Lord" to you. And if there is any spirit larger and wiser than our own, as I believe there is, hovering over our troubled world and dwelling however fitfully within every human heart, then I believe that any such conviction is the touch upon our minds of that infinite spirit, a meeting face to face of our souls with that eternal reality.

When you have opened your mind, and cleared your heart of hatred and false ambition and personal pride, and made yourself a clean channel for the grace of God to flow in, then your answer is the answer of God, and your own word is the word of God in you, and you may say, as truly and with as much conviction as any prophet ever did, "Thus saith the Lord." And when you have so said, you may go your way unafraid.

From a Seminary Window

By W. A. JACOBS

[*Mr. Jacobs, chosen by his classmates as class orator, delivered this address at the Commencement Exercises in Graham Taylor Hall last June.*]

IT IS with a feeling mingled with joy and regret that we are soon to leave the inspiring atmosphere and genial fellowship of the Chicago Theological Seminary. Our purpose in enrolling for courses, however, was to become better equipped for a ministry in a changing and

challenging social order. The experience of one student may reflect in some small way the manner in which this fellowship during the last three years has affected our outlook on life.

This student lived for three years in a room on the fourth floor of the Seminary

dormitory. His window opening toward the south presented within the vision of the eye three important symbols. They were: the Thorndike Hilton Memorial Chapel, the Oriental Institute, and the skyline of the expanding city. Shall we briefly consider the meaning of these symbols for our ministry?

*The Thorndike Hilton
Memorial Chapel*

This chapel became a symbol directing the attention of the student to the need for a rich inner life of devotion and private worship. There is a constant danger in specialization. We speak of departments in the university and specialization in the arts and professions. The need for viewing the parts in terms of the whole of life is always present. To the extent that we see the parts in terms of the whole, we are able to keep our zest in our specialties.

What Professor Hocking said about alternating between the part and the whole, President Roosevelt recently put in work-a-day language. In substance he said, "I try to get away from Washington every few months to regain a sense of perspective. There are so many problems that it becomes difficult to think in terms of the larger needs of the nation. I get away in order to see the tree in relation to the woods."

The tendency of the day is to skim over the surface of life like the water bug over the surface of the lake. Thorndike Hilton Memorial Chapel has been a constant reminder of this peril.

What is life if, full of care
We have no time to stand and stare?
.
No time to see, in broad daylight
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.
.
A poor life this if, full of care
We have no time to stand and stare.

The danger of seeking refuge in the superficialities of the moment has been averted for this student by the symbol of the chapel.

But private worship is only one aspect of the minister's life. Another symbol is constantly observable through the Seminary window.

The Oriental Institute

Beyond the outline of the Thorndike Hilton Memorial Chapel stands the Oriental Institute, symbolic of research. Closeted within the walls of the Institute are the records of man's struggle for civilization and his achievement of character.

The precious records the Oriental Institute houses represent years of patient research. Lives such as James Breasted and J. M. Powis Smith symbolize the spirit of research and the attitude of mind necessary to appreciate the meaning of history in terms of present experience. Such scholars have clarified our thinking on social, economic, political, and religious problems. They enable us to see the present in the perspective of the past, "to take the long view." They teach us how to be exact and painstaking in our task. They have been content to labor without great material reward. Good workmanship for them was an art, and such an art has its own reward. The Oriental Institute, then, has been a symbol not only of the past but also a reminder of the need for further study and research.

Through these years of study in the various departments of the Seminary and the University there has been a constant emphasis upon scholarship. We have developed a new appreciation of the importance of careful study and preparation for our task.

But this is not enough! Worship and research may not be related to the actual task of building a livable world. This day of specialization offers the danger of losing

one's self in the details of either private worship or research. Unless these are related to the ongoing purpose of life they are vain and useless. These are the tools—the equipment for a particular task.

This student has been saved from an overabsorption in the first two symbols by a third.

The Skyline of the Expanding City

Beyond the Chapel and the Oriental Institute is the skyline of the expanding city. It is this skyline of the expanding city which symbolizes most truly the purpose which brought us to the Seminary. Here is the world with its needs—its slums, its prejudices, its baffling machines, its breadlines, and its spiritual hungers. What are we going to do about it?

Our experience in the fellowship provided by the Seminary has enlarged our vision. We have been able to see in part the vast parade of history. The great creative minds of the physical and social sciences, history, religion, and the arts have given us a new perspective. We believe that it is our task now as religious leaders to minister to this world, symbolized by the expanding skyline, to do something practical about the needs of men.

The Chapel, the Oriental Institute, and the expanding skyline of the city—these symbolize three important elements in the ministry, the most important of which is a needy world suggested by the third symbol. These three symbols represent three essential phases in preparation for an effective practical service in the world.

The minister needs time for devotion; he must understand the scientific method and be able to use scientific data; but his final ultimatum is to serve. But sentimental service which loses itself in hectic motion—merely keeping activities going for activities' sake—makes the minister a colorless functionary. Devotion as pious repetition of words, chants, and prayers without constructive expression may be little more than a mere introverted whining about one's inadequacies. Research for the sake of research may fill libraries with tomes of statistics and facts, but unless these facts are applied in practical human engineering they remain sterile.

The modern minister must not be one sided. He should combine in wholesome balance some of the qualities of the mystic and ascetic, some of the rigid and careful observation of the scientist and the fire and unquenchable zest of the militant prophet who seeks a society dominated by justice, mercy, beauty, and love. The skyline of the expanding city calls us, in the words of Edwin Markham, to our task:

We men of earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise—we have enough!
We need no other stones to build
The stairs into the Unfulfilled—
No other ivory for the doors—
No other marble for the floors—
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every day—
Here on the common human way—
Is all the busy gods would take
To build a Heaven, to mold and make
New Edens. Ours the task sublime
To build eternity in time!

Alumni Notes

Compiled by BENJAMIN W. ROBINSON

Class of 1935:

James John Anderson is pastor of the First Congregational Church at Tomahawk, Wisconsin. He was ordained September 19.

John Walter Berry is engaged in special projects of research and survey under the Department of Social Ethics.

Harold Leo Booch was ordained on June 12 at Union Church, Hinsdale, Illinois. Mr. Booch was married at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, on August 2 to Miss Emily Barrett, daughter of Professor Barrett, a member of the University of Chicago faculty assigned to the Yerkes Observatory.

James Wiley Brown has a pastorate under the American Missionary Association.

Harold Franklin Cram is pastor of the First Congregational Church, Condon, Oregon. Before graduation he was married in Graham Taylor Hall to Miss Louise McCurdy.

Barney Clyde Crockett closed his work September 1 at the Congregational church of Gray's Lake, Illinois, and immediately opened his work in the pastorate at Como Avenue Congregational Church, Minneapolis, where he succeeded the Rev. George Drew.

Floyd Quentin Davidson concluded his student pastorate at Somonauk, Illinois, in mid-summer and began work shortly thereafter at Kinsley, Kansas.

Wilfred Grenfell Davis is on a trip around the world with his mother, Mrs. Ozora Stearns Davis. They are traveling by way of Honolulu and the Orient toward India.

S. Marcus Houge was called from the student pastorate of Galewood Congregational Church to the pastorate of the Congregational church in Austin, Texas.

C. Fosberg Hughes is pastor of the First Congregational Church at Cadillac, Michigan.

H. Lee Jacobs was installed on Tuesday, October 22, as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Hampton, Iowa. President Palmer preached the sermon.

William Arthur Jacobs is pastor of the First Congregational Church, Walworth, Wisconsin.

A. Ralph Lewis served as a summer pastor

at Hill City, South Dakota, and has been called to be the permanent pastor.

Russell Hicks McConnell is pastor of the church at Charlotte, Michigan. On October 25, President Palmer took part in a Recognition Service for Mr. McConnell at Charlotte.

John Lewis Mixon, after serving as Director of Activities in the Halsted Street Institutional Church, has become Supervisor of Projects under the Council of Social Agencies and in connection with the National Youth Administration in the city of Chicago.

George William Penn and his wife are temporarily located in Palm City, Florida.

William David Pratt is pastor of the First Congregational Church at Woodstock, Illinois.

Frank Wyatt Render was married in Thorndyke Hilton Memorial Chapel on July 14 to Miss Sylvia Lyons. He is at present engaged in social service work in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Willard McClellan Spence did summer work at Pinedale, Wyoming.

Ray Selvidge Steakley is pastor of the First Congregational Church at Granite Falls, Minnesota, where he was ordained in October.

Kroum Jordan Stoyanoff was ordained on May 22 in Graham Taylor Hall. He started in the middle of September on his return trip to Bulgaria, with interesting plans of visits along the way.

Palakunnathu Mathai Titus is studying for his Ph.D. degree at the University of Chicago.

1933-35. *William Watson* accepted a call to Union City, Michigan, and took up his work at the Congregational church there on August 1.

1932-34. *Ross Cannon* and his wife resigned their work at the Westminster Church in Minneapolis, where Cannon was assistant, to take up the pastorate of the First Congregational Church at Sandwich, Illinois, beginning there in the middle of the summer.

1934. *Roger Hazelton* and Miss Bonnie Jean Hanvey were married on August 17 in Hilton Chapel. "The wedding was one of the most beautiful events in the life of the Seminary." Mr. and Mrs. Hazelton are now at home in

Chester, Connecticut, where Roger is pastor of the Congregational church. He has completed the preliminary work for a Doctor's degree at Yale University.

1934. *George P. Helliwell*, who is pastor of the Thirty-eighth Street Church in Minneapolis, was married at Canova, South Dakota, on August 14, to Miss Eleanor McCaffree.

1934. *Richard R. Hulbert* was ordained at the Congregational church in Port Washington, Wisconsin, on March 5. The ordination sermon was preached by Dr. Spinka.

1934. *Daniel Day Williams* is completing his Doctorate at Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary. He was married in New York City on June 15 to Miss Eulalia Westberg. They spent the summer in a cottage near the Eastman home in New Hampshire, where Dan and Professor Eastman relaxed daily in some stiff sets of tennis.

1934. *Stephen Williams* is at Ipswich, Minnesota, in a combined school and community work in connection with the local high school.

1932-33. *Harry C. Benson* was ordained and installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Preble, New York, on May 27.

1933. *Sam Lenters*, Kildeer, North Dakota. According to the report of those from the Seminary who visited with him in his work in North Dakota, Sam is living the spirit of Jesus in a peculiarly effective way. His home is a simple cabin. He is ministering to three churches, and is showing to all those around him the beauty and glory of the spirit of sacrifice and service.

1933. *Paul Mallory*. Mr. and Mrs. Mallory responded to a call extended them by the Congregational church of Rockford, Michigan, and moved to that city from Grandville, where they have served for the past two years. A son, David Paul, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Mallory on January 14.

1933. *C. H. Stowe* has left his pastorate in Rosendale, Wisconsin, and is now pastor of the Grandville-Jenison Congregational Church at Grandville, Michigan.

1932. *George Drew* is assistant pastor at the Winnetka Community Church, where he began work last spring.

1932. *Henry F. Maxwell*, Ashland, Wisconsin. On September 12 a son was born to Mr.

and Mrs. Maxwell. He has been named Henry Ketron.

1932. *James Mead* has been carrying on in the place of Dr. James W. Fifield at East Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Dr. Fifield is now pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles.

1930-32. *Harry Nicholson*, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson announce the arrival of a daughter at their home. Abby Jane was born July 5.

1932. *Clarence Parr* was installed on October 13 at Plymouth Congregational Church, Fargo, North Dakota. President Palmer preached the sermon.

1931. *Marcus Johnson*, Glenview, Illinois. A son, David Mitchell, weighing eight and one-half pounds, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson on March 17. David, his parents announce, has been "at home" to his friends since March 28.

1931. *Masao Morikawa* is now at Doshisha University. This year commemorates the Sixtieth Anniversary of the establishment of Doshisha University.

1930. *Rudolph W. Roth* was called to the First Congregational Church at Bay City, Michigan, and went there to take up his work on May 1. Mr. Roth writes that he and Mrs. Roth "have the distinction of having two pairs of twin girls born twenty-two months apart."

1930. *Demetrios Stylianou*, who is a teacher at the Voorhis School for Boys at San Dimas, California, has written and produced a four-act play entitled "Mars against Man."

1929. *Harold Janes*, Grand Rapids, Michigan. On October 8, President Palmer preached the sermon for the Recognition Service of Mr. Janes as pastor of the Second Congregational Church at Grand Rapids.

1929. *William A. Keith*, Batavia, Illinois. The Batavia Church celebrated its one hundredth anniversary on October 10. The students of the Seminary made a pilgrimage to the Batavia Church, where the Seminary was born eighty years ago.

1929. *Ivan R. Smith* has been called from Abingdon, Illinois, to the Congregational-Christian Church of Winchester, Virginia, including with his duties the shepherding of a mission church in the mountains twenty-two

miles away. Winchester is one of the historical centers of Revolutionary and Civil War interests.

1925-28. *Monrovia G. Strain* was married on February 23 to Mr. Eugene F. Evarts at Palms, California.

1927. *Harold Hildreth* received his Ph.D. degree from Syracuse University in February of this year.

1926. *Clarence Covell* has been elected moderator of the North Dakota State Conference.

1925. *Norman L. Rice*, after ten years of faithful service as a missionary in South Africa, is now in America on furlough, and has been called as the pastor of a home mission field in Oklahoma, with headquarters at Okarche.

1923-24. *Harry E. Peabody*, who celebrated his seventieth birthday on April 13, has resigned his pastorate at the First Congregational Church, Appleton, Wisconsin.

1922. *Ralph R. Keithahn*, Devakottai, South India. From India comes news of the sacrificial service that Mr. and Mrs. Keithahn are rendering to the people of that land. Together they are doing much to improve the status, physical and spiritual, of their people. They are working toward the placing of brotherhood above the caste system which has so long hampered progress in India. The assistance of the government in appropriating money for public needs and the influence of Gandhi's attack upon the caste system are proving most helpful.

1918. *Paul R. Reynolds*. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds are on furlough from the Ming I. Middle School in Fenchow, Shansi, China, and are now in Berea, Kentucky.

1917. *Frank L. Meacham*, after his return from Africa and his year of study at the Seminary, has been called to Buda and Neponset, Illinois.

1915. *Nathaniel Hass* has been elected assistant moderator of the North Dakota State Conference.

1901. *A Craig Bowdish* writes that his new address is North Miami, Florida. He became pastor of the Congregational church there on September 1.

1888. *H. A. Cotton*, pastor of the Illini Congregational Church, Warrensburg, Illinois, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday in February. One hundred forty-five guests were pres-

ent at the church dinner. Robert W. Gammon of the class of 1899 was the speaker of the occasion.

1887. *Horatio B. Newell*, Claremont, California. Three members of the class of 1887, with their wives, sat down together at luncheon last spring and talked of experiences since their Seminary days of forty-eight years ago. They were Dr. and Mrs. George E. White, President Emeritus of Anatolia College; Dr. and Mrs. Dana W. Bartlett of Los Angeles; and Dr. and Mrs. Horatio B. Newell. Dr. R. A. Jernberg of the same class was nearby in Los Angeles with Mrs. Jernberg, but they were unable to be present.

1886. *N. L. Packard*, who has been for several years acting pastor of the church at Arvin in Kern County, California, has retired from active duty. Dr. Horatio Newell of the class of 1887 writes of calling upon him and his family.

1886. *A. C. Wright*, who was residing in Claremont, California, after his retirement from work in Mexico, has now, since the death of Mrs. Wright, gone to live with his children in Oregon.

1930. *W. A. Tate* died March 20 at the Illinois Central Hospital in Chicago. He was pastor of the church at Argo, Illinois.

1899. *James Mullenbach*. As described elsewhere in this REGISTER, the commencement exercises last June were given over largely to his memory. His services to Chicago and to the nation were pictured by his associates in terms which inspired everyone present to renewed devotion to the ideal of human brotherhood to which he gave his life.

1897. *Frank L. Moore* died March 28. Since leaving his work in Colorado to take up his duties as western secretary for Congregational Home Mission Boards, he had been living in Hyde Park, Chicago, and was often seen at the Seminary. We miss his genial manner and brotherly fellowship.

1896. *B. M. Southgate*, who was pastor of the Congregational church at Britt, Iowa, died in Rochester, Minnesota, on April 12, 1934.

1895. *W. A. Cutler*, who was pastor of the Congregational church at Dundee, Michigan, died August 12.

Book Reviews

FINDING OURSELVES

By Charles R. Brown. New York: Harpers, 1935. 144 pp. \$1.00.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND

By Charles Nordhoff & James Gordon Hall. Boston: Little Brown & Co., 1934. 333 pp. \$2.50.

ROAD TO WAR

By Walter Millis. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1935. 460 pp. \$3.00.

CHURCH, COMMUNITY AND STATE

By J. H. Oldham. New York: Harpers. 47 pp. 35 cents.

There is stimulus for a year's preaching in these four books. Dean Brown's handful of sermons might serve as models of technical skill. Ever since I was a freshman in college I have followed Dean Brown, afar off admittedly, but ever seeking the secret of his marvelous preaching style. Although no longer active as a dean, as a preacher his homiletic eye is not dim nor his spiritual strength abated. Sanity, realism, lucidity, and a deeply scriptural quality combine to make these sermons worth any preacher's careful study. They represent the kind of preaching laymen like and can understand.

No preacher can read *Pitcairn's Island* through to the end without realizing that here is a mine of homiletical material. How a little group of men and women, marooned on a little island, met all the social problems—sex, race, liquor, land, economic exploitation, war, insanity, murder, ignorance—and came at last to realize that there was no solution without religion—all this combined in a fascinating story of adventure makes a book no preacher can afford to overlook.

Road to War everyone simply must read. You'll preach a deeper and wiser Armistice Day sermon because of it. How we were fooled into the last war, how we drifted into it, how we were pitchforked into it by economic pressures, needs to be fully understood by everyone. We who lived through the crazy era thus

described and those too young to remember it but who face an age of similar danger need to know the facts so brilliantly set forth in this really epochal book.

Probably the master question ahead of the church just now concerns its relation to the state. Rarely has so much insight and wisdom on this or any other subject been compressed into so few pages as in Oldham's pamphlet. The perilous implications for religion and the church involved in the totalitarian psychology, even in democratic states, is set forth in a way that will clear up whole acres of muddy thinking in the reader's mind and bring him face to face with the church's greatest task and greatest peril today—its relationship to our increasingly complex organized life and the current tendencies toward secularism, regimentation, and materialism.

ALBERT W. PALMER

THE REVEALING CHRIST

By James DeWolf Perry. New York: Harpers, 1935. 165 pp. \$1.50.

A timely book on timeless themes! Edited by the presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, its contributors are well-known Episcopalians and its chapters arranged as a daily devotional guide for Lent, 1935. The presence of leaders as divergent in ecclesiastical temper as Joseph Fort Newton and Bishop George Craig Stewart among the contributors delivers the book from any narrow partisan viewpoint. Many ministers of other denominations will find their lenten thinking stimulated and devotional life enriched by securing this book in order to begin its use with the first day of Lent, Ash Wednesday. Each week's meditations center about some particular aspect of the spiritual life as revealed in Christ.

A. W. PALMER

THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE GALATIANS

The Moffatt New Testament Commentary. By George S. Duncan, D.D. New York: Harpers, 1934. 194 pp. \$3.50.

While there are good historical commentaries on Galatians based on the Greek text,

there are few which place the results of scholarship at the command of the English reader. Professor Duncan of the University of St. Andrews is also the author of a previous volume, *St. Paul's Ephesian Ministry*, in which he defends the Ephesian authorship of all the imprisonment letters. The two books go well together.

In this new volume he places the date of Galatians between the first and second missionary journeys, making it the earliest of Paul's letters. This view accords with the general tendency of modern critical scholarship.

But the real value of the book lies not in its historical approach, for there is no critically satisfactory relating of Paul's letters to the Book of Acts; nor in its portrayal of the Judaism of Paul's day; nor in its presentation or lack of presentation of the Gentile religion which formed the background of Paul's work. The author's best contribution is to be found rather in the scholarly and effective way in which he presents the fundamental gospel of Christian freedom. With fine genius he brings out the principles of "the charter of Christian liberty" in such way that the religious leader of today can apply them vigorously to modern personal and social situations.

BENJAMIN W. ROBINSON

WHAT DID JESUS THINK?

By Stanley Brown-Serman and Harold Adye Prichard. New York: Macmillan, 1935. 287 pp. \$2.50.

Brown-Serman, Professor of New Testament in the Episcopal Seminary in Virginia, and Prichard, Rector of St. Marks in New York, have produced a remarkably good popular book on the mind of Jesus. It was chosen as a selection of the Religious Book Club. It fills a real need. It unfolds to the reader many inspiring glimpses into the personality of Jesus and the growth of his consciousness from childhood through baptism and temptation, to mature ideas of his relation to God and his fellow-man.

While scholarly in tone and approach, it remains quite conservative in many of its attitudes. The book accepts the miracles of Jesus as essential to religion. In general, the conclu-

sion of the book is that Jesus thought of himself during his ministry as a prophet, but looked forward to a future second coming when he would return as Messiah. Perhaps the best chapter in the book is the one entitled "The Son of Man," in which the transcendent and human, the divine and the natural, are combined in a splendid harmony. In the last chapter, on "The Permanent Christ," the study is brought into immediate relationship with modern religion as Jesus lived and lives today to draw men into a personal, conscious, effective relationship with God.

BENJAMIN W. ROBINSON

THE NEW TESTAMENT IDEA OF REVELATION

By Ernest Findlay Scott. New York: Scribner's Sons, 1935. 255 pp. \$2.00.

In these days of wide interest in theology on the philosophical side it is particularly profitable and interesting to have a book on the idea of revelation in New Testament times. Scott's books are always of the very first rank in scholarship and in clear expression. He shows his genius in this peculiarly difficult subject.

He discusses first the meaning of revelation. He then proceeds to present the ideas of revelation in the Old Testament. Chapter iii takes up apocalyptic literature. Succeeding chapters follow the development from Jesus through Hellenistic Christianity to Paul and John.

Scott is particularly good in portraying conflicting or divergent views which find place in the mind and heart of one or another Christian leader. In studying the Gospel of John he writes, "In what sense was Christ the Revealer? It is apparent as we study the Fourth Gospel that the writer moves in two different fields of thought which he never quite succeeds in bringing together. On the one hand he is a Hellenistic thinker. . . . He thinks of God as the Absolute Being. . . . On the other hand, the Evangelist takes his stand on the primitive Christian tradition. . . . He has pondered the records of the life of Jesus, and in his own inward experience has held fellowship with Jesus, and through him has found God" (pp. 189-90). The book is of fundamental value to

every leader interested in understanding the modern as well as the ancient idea of revelation.

BENJAMIN W. ROBINSON

GOD AND THE COMMON LIFE

By Robert Lowry Calhoun. New York: Scribner's, 1935. 303 pp. \$2.50.

In New York City stands a magnificent church building. Considered as a whole it is almost an architectural monstrosity, ill-proportioned and disunited. But its separate parts, whether it be the delicately solid and sky-piercing tower or the richly carved stone pulpit or almost any other detail, taken as parts, are petrified beauty. Here is a case where the parts are greater than the whole. Dr. Calhoun's book is far from being a theological monstrosity, yet it must be said that its parts too are greater than its whole. And if he does not wholly succeed in his attempt to re-unite practical and speculative thought, he illuminates both theory and practice in unforgettable ways. A reviewer is therefore tempted to deal with some one section of the book, say with his analogy between the mind of man at work and that of God as living Mind at work; or his recovery of the meaning of work as a calling or a vocation, which is the freshest and most important single section; or his account of religious realism as an alternative to optimism, and academic skepticism; or his theory of the nature of human minds and how they are related to the universe in which they have appeared; or the interplay between God and man in worship and co-operative work and revelation; or the sensitive references to the inner significances of religion which turn up again and again and demonstrate Dr. Calhoun's access to the inner sanctuary of the Christian faith. His own richly furnished mind has been mellowed by long reflection on these subjects, and he possesses "the astringent honesty of a workman who hates and fears sham." There are many nutritive things to ponder in this book, which is, however, to be avoided by the person who wants short-cut and precisely neat solutions.

A. C. McGIFFERT

THE CHURCH, CATHOLIC AND
PROTESTANT

By William Adams Brown. New York: Scribner's, 1935. 421 pp. \$2.75.

This, Dr. Brown's thirteenth book on theology, crowns a long series of studies in which he has set forth his views on the great themes of Christianity as his own experience has grown. His attention, it is fair to say, has veered more and more from the philosophical to the practical aspects of Christian living. And now this book on the church. Some of its material has already appeared in his *Imperialistic Religion and the Religion of Democracy*, which is now out of print. Its spirit may be forecast by anyone personally acquainted with the author or familiar with the irenic and translative attitude exhibited in his other writings.

The book is another indication that the idea of the church and its significance has become an issue of burning importance for Protestantism. It also serves to call attention to the fact that that wide area of Protestantism for which Dr. Brown speaks is sufficiently sure of its own ground so that it no longer needs to maintain its integrity by disparaging its ecclesiastical competitors, the Roman Catholic church in chief. Dr. Brown is concerned on the one hand to establish the differences not only in doctrine but in temper and in religious practice that mark off the great types of Christianity, and on the other hand to discover the common denominators between Catholics and Protestants which underlie the obvious contrasts. For illustration he draws with wise frequency upon his broad personal acquaintance with the leading figures in all the contemporary communions. In regard to the hope of closer union he believes that "in spite of existing differences there exist fields of agreement in which, if we were true to our professed convictions, common action would be possible, and that until that action has been taken further discussion of differences must remain unfruitful."

Dr. Brown is anxious to avoid glossing over or minimizing the importance of the unlikenesses between the church catholic and the church protestant. If he seems at times to underplay the difficulties in the way of re-

union, the "sin of the vested interest," for instance, if occasionally he is inclined to discount the differences that *ought* not to matter as if on that account they *did* not matter, the general effect of his writing will be to enhance the mutual understanding between members of the two contrasting types of Christianity as he stirs them to understand themselves and each other better. And that is a valiant service to have performed.

A. C. MCGIFFERT

GOD IN THESE TIMES

By Henry P. Van Dusen. New York: Scribner's, 1935. 194 pp. \$2.00.

Published as one of the studies in social and religious engineering of the Y.M.C.A. Graduate School, this volume is first of all another analysis of our present religious predicament, set forth in the light of a mild distrust of liberalism. Dr. Van Dusen brilliantly discusses the fallacy of abstraction—the attention given by scientists to parts of nature as though they were the whole of reality; the divorce between public practice and private religious profession; the abstraction of man without God—as the key to the problem, and suggests ways of liberation. The other significant features of his popular survey are his insistence that there is a Christian philosophy of history, and the account he gives of it. His concluding chapter on the important problem of compromise—how far may a Christian participate in the life of an unchristian social disorder?—he treats from the point of view of the professional religious leader who has to decide what "movements" he shall support rather than from the view of the layman who must earn his living within the system.

A. C. MCGIFFERT

FREEDOM AND THE SPIRIT

By Nicholas Berdyaev. New York: Scribner's, 1935. xix+362 pp. \$3.75.

This volume is the most important of Nicholas Berdyaev's writings from the religious point of view, for in it he has attempted to systematize his thinking on the subject of religion. He frankly describes himself as a "Christian theosophist" or "Gnostic." Accordingly, what he has written is far removed from official

Orthodox theology. Much of his thinking I cannot follow and, therefore, cannot accept. There is much which appears to me as self-contradictory and confused. But there are frequent flashes of spiritual insight which testify to the authentic genius of the author. This emphasis upon the concept of spiritual freedom as fundamental to all religious life has rarely been developed with so much force and urgency. The concept of the church, in which he follows the older Slavophiles, is likewise a valuable contribution to religious thought. Altogether, this is an important modern work testifying to the profound changes which are taking place in the thinking of the leaders of Orthodoxy.

MATTHEW SPINKA

GOD

By John Elov Boodin. New York: Macmillan Co., 1934. 240 pp. \$2.00.

The professor of philosophy in the University of California at Los Angeles has become a Platonist, and has found in his new philosophic orientation a profound religious inspiration. The result is a rhapsody, a prose poem, a great imaginative epic, about God and his universe, such as few philosophers nowadays are capable of conceiving and writing. If it is an indication that they have found the trends hitherto followed by philosophy barren and misleading, one can but rejoice that at least some of them have had the courage to seek a more satisfying view of life elsewhere. I have found Professor Boodin's conception of God so helpful and inspiring that I wish to recommend it most heartily to others.

MATTHEW SPINKA

WHAT PLATO SAID

By Paul Shorey. University of Chicago Press, 1933. 686 pp. \$5.00.

This last work of the great classical scholar, Paul Shorey, in which he gathered the fruits of the lifelong study of the Platonic *Dialogues*, is a truly monumental production. The learning represented by the volume is prodigious, as is witnessed by some twenty thousand notes appended to the text. And yet, the treatment of the subject itself is written in a readable style which in some places is positively delightful. Aside from Dr. Shorey's pet theory of the

"unity of Plato's thought," which is reaffirmed throughout the volume and about which I do not feel competent to pronounce a judgment, the book presents a lucid and masterly interpretation of all Plato's *Dialogues*, and as such is one of the most helpful books for the understanding of the philosopher whose thinking has proved the never-failing inspiration of all ages since his own day.

MATTHEW SPINKA

THE RELEVANCE OF THE CHURCH

By F. R. Barry. London: Nisbet & Co., 1935.

Canon Barry, the author of *The Relevance of Christianity*, published a few years ago, offers in this new volume truly constructive ideas concerning the place of the church in contemporary society. It is the most suggestive book on the significance of the church which has come to my notice in these days, when Christian thought is so eagerly applied to the problem of the adequacy and the future of Christian institutions. Canon Barry's point of view may briefly be described as combining a strong emphasis upon the Christocentric nature of all Christian life with an awareness of the imminent or necessary change of our inherited social order. While his many practical suggestions with respect to the ministry, the order of worship, etc., apply primarily to the Anglican church, they will be welcomed also by un-Anglican churchmen, for they are distinguished by a healthy wisdom and courageous common sense. These qualities characterize the argument of the whole volume. A few quotations may serve as illustrations: "Because 'personality' is social, an individualistic religion may prove to be the very reverse of 'social'" (p. 58). "The Christian ethic is not so much a code to be defended as an insight to be achieved" (p. 158). "Either democracy must be sacrificed or capitalism must be superseded" (p. 167).

WILHELM PAUCK

MAKERS OF CHRISTIANITY, FROM ALFRED
THE GREAT TO SCHLEIERMACHER

By John T. McNeill. New York: Holt, 1935.
\$2.00.

This book is the second in a series of three. The first, written by Dr. S. J. Case, and deal-

ing with ancient Christianity, appeared last year. The third, to be written by Dr. W. W. Sweet, will be published in the near future. Dr. McNeill, professor of the history of European Christianity, gives sketches of the creative leaders of the medieval and modern periods of European Christianity. He has selected thirty men and women whom he considers typical representatives of the historical tasks which European Christianity had to perform. His brief portraits of their lives and works give an impression not only of the variety of Christian spirituality as it dominated men and women of different periods but also of the growth of the Christian movement within the confines of Western civilization. He writes as a scholar who is fully aware of the difficulties which attend the historical research, particularly of the earlier Christian eras, and he has not succumbed to the temptation of giving to his book, in order to render it popular, the flair of fluent elegance at the sacrifice of depth. He proves to be a scholar of human sympathies, for he describes his characters and the situations in which they found themselves with a kindly sense of humor and a shrewd capacity for beholding in seemingly insignificant traits fundamental attitudes. The richness of Christian culture is amply reflected on every page of his work.

The only criticism I have to make is that the continuity of the Christian movement through history could have been more strongly brought to the attention of the reader. The participation of the makers of Christianity in the great general streams of the Western Christian mind would have deserved, I think, a more potent emphasis than Dr. McNeill has chosen to give to it.

Some of the portraits, those of Bernard of Clairvaux, Calvin, Wesley, Leibnitz, for example, are masterpieces of historical characterization.

WILHELM PAUCK

THAT OTHER AMERICA

By John A. Mackay. New York: Friendship Press, 1935. 214 pp. \$1.00.

After many years of missionary and educational work in Latin America, Dr. Mackay has now become a secretary of the Board of For-

eign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. Those who know him love him as one of the most challenging Christian leaders of our day. Sincerely struggling with the often confusing philosophies and theologies of the contemporary world, he has succeeded in achieving a theological outlook which is nurtured by the wealth and depth of the Christian insight into life. It may be described as a Christian pietism which is coupled with a realistic comprehension of the crisis of Western civilization. From such a viewpoint he portrays in this book the political, social, cultural, and religious life of Latin America. My own knowledge of the life in "that other America" is deplorably scant. Therefore, I cannot say how authoritative or true this portrait by Dr. Mackay is, but I am glad for having read this book. It has enriched me and widened my horizon. I recommend it to all those many others who, like myself, have heretofore failed to include in their world-consciousness and world-responsibility that civilization which is developing on the southern continent which also bears the name of America.

WILHELM PAUCK

THE YOUNGER CHURCHMEN LOOK
AT THE CHURCH

Edited by Ralph H. Read. New York: Macmillan, 1935. 345 pp. \$2.50.

Twenty younger churchmen, hailing from the eastern part of this country and especially from New York, have collaborated in the writing of this book. Their articles, of varying degrees of excellence and merit, are distinguished by the passion for social justice which pervades nearly all of them. The book may therefore be considered as a document which proves that the younger clergy are aware of the fact that something is radically wrong with the social order and that they want to do something about it. The editor declares in his Foreword that every contributor to this book is a firm believer in the church. I do not doubt that this is true. However, it seems to me that practically all the members of this symposium exhibit a baffling uncertainty, if not confusion, in their theological ideas concerning the church. In this respect they demonstrate unwittingly one of the most apparent weaknesses in con-

temporary church life. Only a church which possesses a definite consciousness of its own unique nature and mission can hope to play a part in the redemption of society. As it stands, the book gives a picture of what these younger churchmen think of the social order, but not what they think of the church. It should have been entitled: "The Younger Churchmen Look at the Social Order."

WILHELM PAUCK

THE CHURCH AGAINST THE WORLD

By Niebuhr, Pauck, Miller. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Co., 1935. 156 pp. \$2.00.

This book presents an analysis of three problems which confront present-day Protestantism. The authors agree that the tension produced by these problems has advanced to the point where they constitute a major crisis comparable to the situations which produced the Franciscan movement and the Reformation.

Professor Pauck opens the book with a chapter on "The Crisis in Religion." He finds that other crises have been solved by the appearance within the church of some prophet who has led the way to a new day. He finds that the present crisis grows out of the rise of secularism. He examines Humanism, Modernism, Barthianism and Buchmanism, and in none of these does he find a solution. We still await the arrival of a prophet who will speak to our day in the name of the living God.

The second chapter, written by Francis P. Miller, deals with "American Protestantism and the Christian Faith." His thesis is that within Protestantism the different national groups no longer have a common frame of reference. They have identified themselves with their national cultures and this nationalism represents for the most part an utter denial of the Christian faith. He supplies the necessary frame of reference.

Professor H. Richard Niebuhr concludes the book with a chapter entitled "Toward the Independence of the Church." He asserts that the modern church is in bondage to capitalism, nationalism, and humanism. Against this bondage there is growing revolt, but a revolt that is dangerous because it tends to ally itself with other groups that seem to have a common

objective but which are activated by an entirely different motive. The church must stand alone against the world, but to do this it must have a theology in which loyalty to God is dominant.

The significance of this book is found in its emphasis upon the fact that the muddled mind is an even greater danger to the church than the perverted will. It is a challenge for Protestants to replace emotionalism by an intellectually respectable realism.

Pauck and Niebuhr are particularly successful in their chapters.

M. RUSSELL BOYNTON

PLAYS OF AMERICAN LIFE

By Fred Eastman. New York: Samuel French, 1934. 258 pp. \$2.50.

This volume is a collection of plays written by Fred Eastman over a period of ten years. Published separately, they have had a thousand productions. The author has done more than any single individual to put religious drama on the map in this country. The Chicago Theological Seminary has shown great wisdom in allowing him to devote a considerable portion of his time to the work. The fruits have been noteworthy. . . .

Fred Eastman has sought to dramatize some of the conflicts manifesting themselves in the life of America today. In *Bread* the struggle is between the hunger for culture and the demand for necessities. *Our Lean Years* is sketched against the background of the rural-urban conflict. *America on Trial* dramatizes the tension between American ideals and materialism. *The Ragged Edge* shows what might happen when youth is presented by a choice between two ways of living in a large city. *The Great Choice* sharpens up the issue between religion and nationalism. *The Doctor Decides* pictures the struggle of a medical home missionary when his base of supplies is taken away. And *The Tinker* is an ambitious attempt (in a three-act drama) to set forth one aspect of the contrast between the spiritual and the acquisitive life. These are plays with a thesis; but most of them are not preachy. They are well worth production and study by church and other groups interested in using the dramatic method in their educational and

aesthetic program. I recommend the volume as required reading for all those interested, even faintly, in this field.

ERDMAN HARRIS

*in the Union Theological Seminary
"Alumni Bulletin"*

PROTESTANT CHURCH BUILDINGS

By Andrew L. Drummond. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1934. 342 pp. 15s.

Many of our Seminary circle will recall the pleasant young Scottish minister, Andrew Drummond, who offered a summer course in church architecture a few years since. The book upon which he was then at work, *The Church Architecture of Protestantism*, is now available. It is a lavish work, of close, careful, and broad scholarship. The research has been wide, not only as to the architectural fabrics themselves, but also among historical writings or pronouncements concerning religious art, architecture, and symbolism as these are related to religious experience. The volume is enriched with exactly one hundred half-tone illustrations.

The historical chapters are invaluable. The introductory survey covers the chief building movements of the early and Catholic centuries. Then the story of Protestantism as depicted in its architecture is carried through from an account of what happened to the Medieval buildings taken over by Protestants to the "Wiesbaden Programme" of 1891, the recent period of style revivals, and the present modernistic experiments. No other work so thoroughly relates the outer structural forms with the inner theology, ecclesiology, and emotional patterns of Protestantism as developed in the continental countries, Great Britain, and America.

A striking value of the book throughout is a stout insistence upon the necessity of artistic expression in the life of religion. While other lines of approach are variously suggested, the primary plea for the recognition of art by Protestantism is placed squarely upon the doctrine of the Incarnation, broadly conceived as the reconciliation of the spiritual and the natural. The secondary reasons for the observation of artistic canons in church building are psychological, the actual forces of associ-

ation and suggestion. These arguments are all the more cogent as coming from a warm sympathy with evangelical faith and a religion of the spirit. A reappraisal of the problems and possibilities of the church building, moreover, is demanded by the present-day revival of interest in the nature and potencies of public worship.

That the church building and the worship for which it is the setting and scene are no influences of retreat or refuge but rather of a fullness of life and duty is strongly set forth in the author's discussion of symbolism. Here is an ample report of Christian symbols from the "Mirror" of Vincent of Beauvais to the most recent American plastics.

The vexed question of architectural style is given a sane and practical treatment, with a wealth of reference to present-day structures here as well as in Europe and on the mission field. There is always a vigorous sense of spiritual and artistic progress without loss of reverence for the past.

At three points especially do I feel some lack or partial disagreement. It is perhaps the unusual proportion of quoted material which somewhat hinders the good order and clarity of the author's own ideas. On the other hand, this very fact gives the work a valuable encyclopedic character.

In view of the intensely social interest of religion today, there is not a sufficiently strong conception of religion and the church worship which realizes and presents it as the possible presiding and ordering force for the whole of society.

Respecting the recent widespread rejection of the pulpit-centered plan of church construction, Mr. Drummond's aid and comfort to the enemy is disappointing. He does not entirely disapprove of the composition focused upon the open table, but in several chapters he favors the old evangelical central pulpit. I think he has not given due consideration to the variety and depth of interests behind our choice—dramatic, civic, and psychological as well as theological and devotional.

Yet the book is both learned and wholesome, a most welcome addition to the small resources of this field.

VON OGDEN VOGT

FRONTIERS OF CHRISTIAN THINKING

By Frederick C. Grant. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby. 179 pp. \$2.00.

Here's a book like a breath of fresh, cool air in the middle of a sultry afternoon. The reader cannot possibly appreciate it unless he realizes that it was written by an Anglican who is convinced of the validity of his communion's holy orders, but whose writings are devoid of those "holier-than-thou" assumptions which taint the words of some of his brothers under the cloth. This man is not—if one may judge from this volume—conscious of any inherent superiority over other ministers simply by virtue of his special historical ordination. On the contrary, he asserts, in language as blunt and pointed as any I ever read, that he is a true bishop who does the work of a bishop. This is a far cry, indeed, from the assertion that only he can do a bishop's work who has been properly ordained to do it! "What they (Anglicans) are contending for is a type of spiritual leadership and a principle of administrative unity represented by the bishop. . . . In almost every organization of Christians, some officer or other, whatever his title, does actually exercise in some degree the office of . . . *Episcopos*." Read that over again. "Contending"—not for a type of ordination, but—"for a type of spiritual leadership and administrative unity." Thank you, brother.

Again, the suspicious reader will look in vain for the customary cheap and easy but hopeless solution to the problem of Christian unity: "Come on over and be Anglicans, and then we'll all be united." There isn't a breath of this in the book. On the contrary, this author is looking for a wide fellowship which presupposes values to be contributed from non-Anglican sources.

So here we have a traditionally conservative author away out in front of the religious procession; and deservedly so. He deals with the issue of religion and science; not Genesis versus Darwin, but modern religious fuzziness versus the implications of the most abstruse mathematics and physics. He bows to the metaphysicist; but he sits right down and gets chummy with the practical scholar, so that within a sentence or two they are hard at what he feels to be the nub of the whole matter: not

doctrine, not philosophy, but ethics. In another chapter he takes up the matter of New Testament criticism, especially the new "Form Criticism," contending that the way to a more satisfactory Christology lies not in condemning the research, nor in getting bogged down in the middle of researches, but in going ahead to a satisfactory synthesis. His fourth chapter deals with church history, and again he delights me beyond moderation. It is his conviction that you don't get very far by just tracing the patterns through which society has moved in politics, social life, and economics, and then noting the accommodations of the church to these patterns. All this can do, he points out, is to give you background; you still have the task of projecting the church against that background. He sees the church as the expression of a noble hunger; hunger to express a great idea, the idea of the kingdom of God upon earth.

This book is the product of an invitation from a group of Congregational ministers, who asked the author to come up to Tower Hill, on the shore of Lake Michigan, and speak to them. Under the circumstances, the addresses could hardly have been other than liberal and broad. It may be possible that since the convocation adjourned, and the breadth of a lake-shore has given place to the sometimes narrow confines of a pastoral study, this author has come to regret, in some degree, his more liberal statements. But I don't think he regrets them; there is a convincing ring of happy sincerity about the entire book. I think he meant what he seems to me to say; and I hope you read it for yourself.

CHARLES STAFFORD BROWN

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

N. Bishop Harman. New York: Macmillan, 1935. 171 pp. \$1.50.

So many books have appeared on the general theme of science and religion that another one ought to justify itself by some freshness of treatment. This book by a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, unfortunately, has no such originality.

The theme is treated with regard to the three topics of God, man, and the promises of

religion. The last embraces answer to prayer, doing of wonders, freedom from ills, the forgiveness of sins, and life after this life. Science is defined as the observations of phenomena and the subsequent rational linking together of the observed phenomena. Religion is variously defined as a way of life, an ordering of all man's knowledge in a coherent whole (a curious definition [p. 161]), and belief in God. This lack of clarity in definition obscures the author's conception of the relation of science and religion. What he actually does is assume a general content of religious belief and then attempt to show how science supports or modifies the religious ideas. This general content Harman takes in terms of the personalistic categories: personal God, purpose in the universe, freedom in man, immortality. That there are religions which deny every one of these postulates is not recognized.

Harman uses the old argument from design to prove that there is a God with no attempt to meet the assault upon that argument which Kant and Hume made a hundred and fifty years ago. Further, the difficulty with the position that a benevolent deity is the first and sole cause of this world when faced with the fact of evil is not solved. The author pleads the defeat of our powers of comprehension when faced with unavoidable evil.

In the section on Man the story of evolution is retold. Facts are put forth in support of the theory of man's animal ancestry, an argument hardly needed today. Harman declares that science cannot answer the question "Why was man created?" If not science, what does answer? Religion and poetry, he declares, but on what basis, whether faith or intuition or reason, is not revealed.

Belief in immortality is left largely as a matter of faith. One novel argument is introduced. Harman holds that the scientific laws of indestructibility of matter and conservation of energy make it morally certain that life is permanent. But permanence of life is not personal immortality. Further, science is by no means certain of these two "laws."

The book is really an apologetic for the personalistic philosophy, a task which has been much better done by Edgar S. Brightman.

DANIEL DAY WILLIAMS

THE BIBLE, AN AMERICAN TRANSLATION

By J. M. Powis Smith and Edgar J. Goodspeed. University of Chicago Press, 1935. 1130 pp. \$2.00.

The Old Testament as here translated by a group of scholars under the editorship of the late J. M. Powis Smith, and the New Testament as translated by Edgar J. Goodspeed, have already been carefully reviewed in the pages of the *Register*. Hitherto they have been available in one volume at \$3.50 in cloth and \$5.00 in leather. Now for the first time this complete modern translation covering more than 1100 pages in clear, readable type is available at \$2.00 in cloth and \$3.75 in leather. These prices compare favorably with the prices of the old versions and make the new book a necessity for every home library. The modern English has the effect of removing the dust from the pages of the world's greatest book so that it stands out boldly as a fresh and vigorous communication to our own day. The characters are no longer ancient portraits; they are motion pictures of ourselves.

The volume would be even more readable if the publishers had included the brief introductions to each book that Professor Goodspeed wrote for his earlier *Short Bible*.

I cannot refrain from adding that there is now no longer any excuse for the myriads of people who seem to be writing biblical dramas

to clothe them all in archaic English. If the budding playwrights will read this book, their plays will leap forward in clarity as well as in vitality.

FRED EASTMAN

THEIR RELIGION

By A. J. Russell. New York: Harper's, 1935. 332 pp. \$2.00.

Many readers will remember Mr. Russell as the author of *For Sinners Only* and *One Thing I Know*, two books of the Oxford group movement. The present volume has no direct connection with that movement, but purports to be simply a book describing the religion of Abraham Lincoln, Robert Burns, Marshal Foch, Gladstone, Napoleon, Disraeli, Washington, Cromwell, Jesus, and three or four others. The style is informal, anecdotal, and crisply journalistic. All this commends the book. But Mr. Russell could not be content to describe the religion of his subjects dispassionately or objectively. In nearly every instance he also sits in judgment upon that religion and appraises it. His standards of appraisal are those of the Oxford groups. This reviewer has high regard for the Oxford movement, but he sees no reason why the religion of these fourteen men could not be described without being appraised. Couldn't the appraisal be better left to the Almighty?

FRED EASTMAN

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GRAHAM, W. C.: The Prophets and Israel's Culture
GUIGNEBERT, C.: Jesus
SCOTT, C. A. A.: Foot-Notes to St. Paul
SCOTT, E. F.: The New Testament Idea of Revelation
SPENCER, N. A.: Beyond Damascus
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TOWNSEND, J.: The Modern Approach to the Old Testament
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FABER, G.: Oxford Apostles
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CALHOUN, R.: God and the Common Life
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The Chicago Theological Seminary REGISTER

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MATTHEW SPINKA, *Librarian*